20th Anniversary Issue

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

Volume XX, Number 6, December 1969

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

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FIRST PRAYER IN CONGRESS

O LORD, our Heavenly Father, High and mighty King of Kings, and Lord of Lords, who dost from Thy throne behold all the dwellers on earth and reignest with power supreme and uncontrolled over all the Kingdoms, Empires and Governments; look down in mercy we beseech Thee, on these American States, who have fled to Thee from the rod of the oppressor, and thrown themselves on Thy gracious protection, desiring henceforth to be dependent only on Thee; to Thee, they have appealed for the righteousness of their cause; to Thee do they now look up for that countenance and support which Thou alone canst give; take them, therefore, Heavenly Father, under Thy nurturing care; give them wisdom in council and valor in the field; defeat the malicious designs of our cruel adversaries; convince them of the unrightness of their cause; and if they persist in sanguinary purpose, O, let the voice of Thy own unerring justice, sounding in their hearts, constrain them to drop the weapons of war from their unnerved hands in the day of battle!

Be Thou present, O God of wisdom, and direct the councils of this honorable assembly; enable them to settle things on the best and surest foundation, that the scene of blood may be speedily closed; that order harmony and peace may be effectually restored, and justice, religion and piety prevail and flourish among Thy people. Preserve the health of their bodies and vigor of their minds; shower down on them, and the millions they here represent, such temporal blessings

as Thou seest expedient for them in this world, and crown them with everlasting glory in the world to come.

All this we ask in the name and through the merits of JESUS CHRIST, THY SON, OUR SAVIOUR. AMEN.

—"The First Prayer in Congress" made by the Rev. J. Duche, as found in Thatcher's Military Journal, dated December, 1777.

—By courtesy of Lillian Wade Koerner

PRAYERS OF TWELVE FAITHS

BUDDHIST: - All praise be to the Lord, the Holy One, Perfect in Wisdom.
I go to The Enlightened One for refuge,
I go to the Law for refuge,
I go to the Brotherhood for refuge.

CONFUCIAN: - Oh, revere! Oh, revere! God is glorious.
Help me to bear this burden on my shoulders,
And show me the glorious virtue and conduct.

HINDU: - Let us meditate upon the adorable light of the Divine Vivifier.
May He direct our minds.

JAIN: - Adoration to the Lord, the Destroyer of foes, the Supreme God, the King of those who have attained Victory.

ZOROASTRIAN: - Blessed was the Thought, and blessed was the Word, and blessed was the Deed of the Holy One.
Purity is the best gift. Happiness is to him who is pure for the sake of purity.

CHRISTIAN: - Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.

JEWISH: - Hear, O Israel, the Lord is our God, the Lord is One. And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy might.

MOSLEM: - There is no Deity but God.
All praise be to God, the Lord of all the worlds,
The merciful, the Compassionate,
The Master of the Day of Judgment.

SHINTO: - All ye men who dwell under heaven!
Regard all beings as your brothers and sisters
You will then enjoy this divine country,
Free from hate and sorrow.

SIKH: - The One Supreme Being, whose name is Eternal Truth;
The Creator, the Spirit, devoid of fear and enmity,
Immortal, Unborn, Self-existent, the Enlightener, the Bestower of Grace, Glory be to Him.

TAO: - To know the Eternal is enlightenment.
The Divine Way is the asylum of all things,
The good man's treasure, the bad man's last resort.

ANCIENT SANSKRIT PRAYER: -

May He who is One without second,
Who is beyond all distinction of color, caste and creed,
Who, knowing all our needs meets them with His manifold powers;
May He who is in the beginning, in the middle, and in the end;
May He unite us in fellowship and understanding.

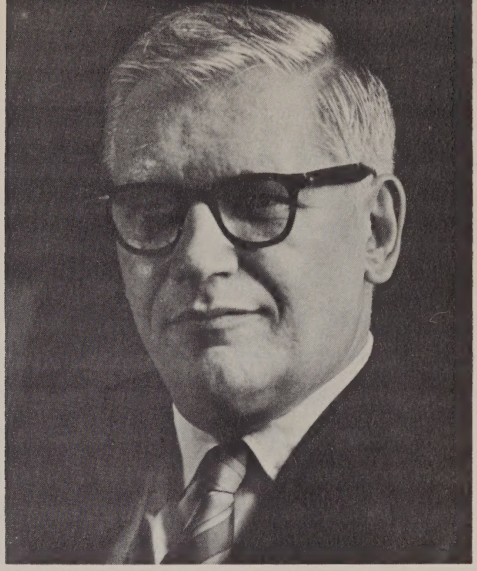
(Taken from RIG VEDA)

EDITORIALS

FROM EVERYWHERE

Paul Griffith

One good reason for this editorial's being so short is the extraordinary number of contributions in this issue. Equally extraordinary is their variety. It is gratifying that FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER attracts people so diverse as the authors of these contributions. It is to be hoped that such a potpourri will gratify our readers. No doubt since every human being is unique, each as singular as his fingerprints, reactions will vary from page to page. . . . We are becoming a kind of United Nations of people who, whatever their background, rich or poor, urban or rural, educated or not, believe the same thing. We are, after all, a fellowship. We come together in fellowship. We all know that we must do everything we can to create some unity—some sense of sharing—some sense of common faith—in this world where, the newspapers and TV tell us every morning, such qualities of life are endangered. . . . The common denominator of every piece of writing in this issue seems to be the desire of a person who has existed to tell others what he or she has found: it appears to be a loving desire to help others. Look, the articles say, I also have found life to be difficult but I have come through and found the beauty and the meaning and you can, too! The poems say the same. The fundamental friendliness of them all is remarkable. . . . The outgoing selfless generosity of friendship is one of the great riches of human nature. It is not as rare as it is said to be. And its offerings—in so many forms, poetic or prosaic, all but mystical or entirely practical, as em-



PAUL GRIFFITH

(1967-1969)

bodied in the contents of this issue—come from all neighborhoods, from all directions, interested only in giving. It is heartening to the editor. It means a great deal to him personally to discover in every day's mail more and more friends who wish solely to help others. The contents of this issue reflect not an editor's choice but the existence of a wonderful fellowship around the world.

●

If there were not at the core of all the creeds a nucleus of religious truth, neither Christianity nor any other faith would have anything to build on. Within the piety of the common people of every land, encrusted with superstition as it usually is, and weighed down with vulgar self-seeking in their bargainings with the gods, there is this germ, the inalienable religious intuition of the human soul. The God of this intuition is the true God: To this extent universal religion has not to be established, it exists.

—*William Ernest Hocking*

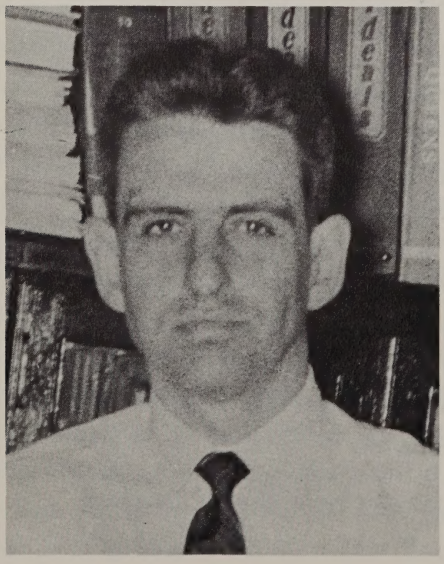
(Contributing Editor, 1952-1960)

PRAYER: ITS OWN REWARD

Paul Hourihan

There are many who have not yet discovered what prayer in its essence is, who still look for tangible results of prayer in the world of actions and possessions. But there are others for whom has been born the tremendous and hard-won truth that prayer is a means to nothing, that it is an end in itself, and is itself its own reward. How could it be otherwise? In deep prayer we commune in speechless love, and wonder, in a silence more profound than the silence of great deserts, with the Power that created us. Is there anything beyond this that we could hope to gain from the act of prayer?

Who or what is it that prays? A body? A mind? An ego? An entity separate from the Power it prays to? Many people in all ages have prayed as if these things were true, and with such an attitude it was logical to pray for *things*, for the satis-



PAUL HOURIHAN

(1959-1963)

faction of desires. Or is it a soul that prays? A living and divine spirit evolving through time and the manifestations of matter an eternal destiny? An individuality joined to the Power it addresses, one with the Power in a literal sense, absolutely and forever united with it? We believe all this to be true, and there are some who already *know* it to be true. If it is, why should we weep? Why should we desire anything? Why should we pray for anything whatever, when we have everything already?

Ideally, we are told, by the masters of prayer of all religions, that we should pray for the purification of our minds so that we may understand our own natures. Through prayer and meditation, they tell us, our minds will become gradually pure, our true nature will unfold itself to us, and ultimately we will all know who we are, and why we have lived. Only prayer and meditation, and divine grace, nothing else, can bestow upon a man this supreme knowledge.

Prayer is our major weapon in the drama of the soul to transform itself into what it believes. Perhaps this is the only real drama there is, since all others are lived out more or less unconsciously by the participants: dramas in which the players do not grasp the significance of *what is happening to them.* The soul's struggle to realize its own divinity is the only drama enacted consciously by the individual and as such stands alone—sublime and unutterable.

In this drama prayer and meditation will give us the insight we need into our inner essence, and the power to control our senses for living in a sense-imprisoned world; the power also to reduce and attenuate our egos, our desires, and our clinging to a level of life which, when we think about it, is tragic and unbelievable. Prayer and meditation will lead us back to the perfection which is already ours, already our own natures, though we have forgotten it.

There are many who shrink from the prospect of attaining perfection, or of seeking it at all. The most dangerous stage of our development is where we have made a certain amount of spiritual progress: the mysteries of scripture unfold themselves; our faith is stronger, usually, than any challenge the world can throw against it; purity attracts us more and more, in a way we cannot fathom. We look around us and cannot help but compare ourselves to others, and we feel that we have approached more closely than most to the ideal laid down, presumably, for every man by all the great Masters of the earth. The danger is that we will now insist that perfection itself is not required, that divine enlightenment is only for the few—they are, we feel, not absolutely necessary. After all, we are limited beings. We are born, we suffer, there is so much that confuses us. How can such frail reeds be expected to reach perfection, or to seek after it?

But we must. We must try to. All the higher prophets have endlessly told us so. Equally powerful is the urge from within that impels us toward this perfection, as well as the inexorable logic of it. And it is prayer and meditation that will give us the power to conquer our senses, which keep us in the realm of the imperfect and the limited, the land of darkness and death; and they alone can give us the strength and incentive to move forward to the uplands of spiritual illumination where, one day, we will stand beholding the country where there is no night.

We are still weak and deluded in so many ways. But the idea will sink in, and ideas alone are the things that change us. This idea, grasped in part, ardently believed in, and dwelled on as much as possible, will change the character of our prayers and will start a process of spiritual growth whose conclusion can be—and sooner or later, will be—divine illumination for every one of us. □

Under the action of prayer we no longer cooperate with experience but cooperate with God.

— Genevieve Burnell

IMPRESSIONS

Neil Mellblom

FROM TIME TO TIME in all of our lives there come opportunities for reflection on our own particular small place in the universe, in the spiritual sphere. Perhaps these opportunities are ever present, found in our own particular realms of routine; but if this is the case, one can safely assume that most of us either miss or refuse to take advantage of them until they are emphasized by some special occasion.

Begging the indulgence of all readers, your editor would like to share a few of the impressions gained on a recent trip which found him winging at near supersonic speed across the country and returned him at slower but nevertheless as meaningful pace to his home. Certainly many have shared the experience and, hopefully, they too, have sensed the wonders and revelations of space and movement.

We have such trust.

NEIL MELLBLOM

(1964-1967)

Consider, for a moment, the reliance we place on men and machines over which we have no control when we allow ourselves to be lifted off the earth and thrown in hours across thousands of miles. These machines in which we sit (and watch television and eat sumptuous meals) are the contrivances of man. Yet, as we take advantage of their speed and convenience, on Whose power and wisdom do we really depend for a safe arrival at our destination? Perplexing and profound questions arise when we realize that among the many a few will not return.

We are so small.

Safely at a window in an airliner, sitting seemingly still above the clouds, one cannot but see himself as the speck that he is against the vast horizon, the endless expanse of billowing clouds. Yet, in such suspension, comes a joy of life that has to be born in a force and power far beyond the human wisdom and ingenuity that has developed the means to give man wings.

We are so big.

A distortion of perspective comes as one gradually senses the immensity of the experience of hurtling through space. Rivers, ridges, roads, whole cities and states are but toys on a child's play table. A thrill of outreach, a tantalizing desire to step beyond, is experienced. At such a moment there comes at least a minute inkling of the sensations waving through our astronaut space-walkers as they see the curve of the earth and seem able to scoop up whole continents in a sweep of the hand.

We are so blessed.

Earthbound again, and moving now under the power of road and track machines, we can see at close range such God-given wonders as the sky-piercing redwoods and Rockies, the sun-tinted prairies and many-hued badlands. And through the cities, too, the communities of sprawling residential beauty and towering business buildings, we can rejoice in the knowledge that we have been given resources and in large measure

are using them wisely. Still, our roads also wind through shanty-towns and slums, tired Indian villages and terribly desecrated landscapes. One cannot but ask whether man is completely honest in the use of the gifts he has been given.

ON SUCH A JOURNEY comes a challenge to be a more meaningful part of the universe, to strive ever more for a closer relation to God of all creation. □

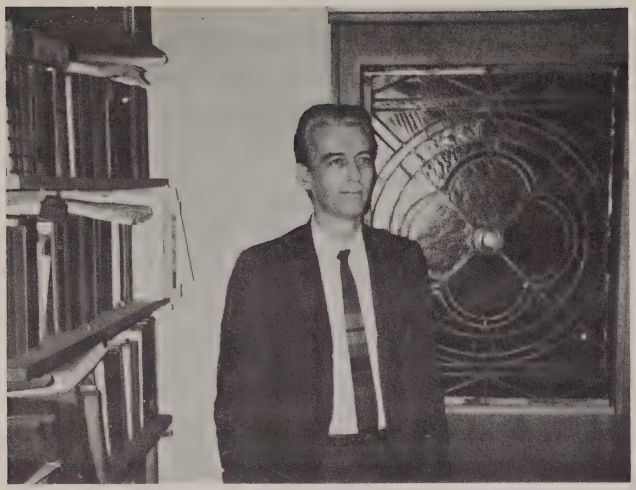
FOUR-SCORE

John Watts

It is altogether remarkable that in the twenty years it has existed as a publication (as a substantive footnote to the much longer time its ideals have been implicit in human aspirations), FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER has had only four editors.

As the latest, whose editorship spans the relatively brief time of eight months and four issues, I am a *newcomer*. The tenures of my editor-colleagues number in the years, and all three are still active within the Fellowship in various capacities: my immediate predecessor Paul Griffith is now the Executive Director; Neil Mellblom is a Foreign Advisor; and Paul Hourihan, whose editorial stint was the longest, is a friend of the organization.

Ideally, all three are in a much better position than I to assess the cause initiated by Carl Evans and so devotedly cultivated over the years by Kathryn G. Brown (who has had all four editors under her wing), always with the "editorial" spirit that we—reader, contributor, editor, neighbor—are a community of equals who participate as they can.



JOHN WATTS
(1969———)

They are also more experienced in the work of the Fellowship, and they have written more about it. Indeed they have, as editors are wont! And you read here editorials that represent their relationship to all of us.

It was something of a presumption on my part to select the examples that I did for this Anniversary Issue, and their authors would not necessarily find that I selected their "finest." What I was looking for in reading through twenty years' of editorials was that illusive something, an imbricate pertinence which would illuminate a theme. The theme? Perhaps I should leave it to you to give it a name that most precisely states it for yourself. (What I could say might sound too high-falutin, even for an editor!)

In thinking, though, of what I might possibly add to their judgment and ability, I find that I'm in a bind—the kind that will probably be familiar, and one which has been facetiously expressed by a U.S. diplomat: "You're only an authority on a foreign country if you've been there for less than ten days or more than twenty years!" By this definition, I'm not an authority. Definitely not. No, this kind of authority comes from a reader who meets one criterion

now and who will, judging by the correspondence I've had with him about his becoming a contributor, doubtless meet the other. Reuben L. Musey, of Hagerstown, Maryland, writes:

"Twenty years is not a long time, yet FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER is that old. In two decades of publication, religious ideals have flourished.

"Time is the very essence of life, precious beyond all measure: But faith is the spirit which makes life worth living. Through belief in God and by His direction all dreams are possible. It is a Happy Birthday when readers can reflect upon so many years of building into a publication those intangible things that make for high standards, moral tone, and a religious purpose that will not be denied. An institution or an individual become great when the enterprise in which they engage contribute permanent and lasting values.

"Through the patronage, loyal support, contributions of time and energy, but above all—faith of each and every reader—this has been maintained." Exactly. □

Which will you celebrate on December 25th ... "CHRISTmas" or "X-mas"? Let us not "Cross out the Christ" in this most sacred season by permitting the tensions of our times and high-pressure commercialism to overwhelm our days and desecrate the Birthday of the Son of God. *True* Christmas is not a day of feasting and "exchanging" gifts ... but a WAY OF LIFE! Let us be guardians of that Truth, remembering: Eternal spiritual vigilance is the price of 'CHRISTmas'!"

— *Helen Dudley Young*

HAIKU

Carla Patsuris

You cannot become
The new creature and remain
As you are: BECOME!

HATE !

If there is a fist within my heart
Clenched and bruising me
I should remember that a fist uncurled
Can be a gentle hand
With fingers used caressingly,
Or with a palm cupped full of love. . .
Enough for all the world.

TWO HAIKU & QUATRAIN

Francis Merchant

Four Seasons?
You say there are four
Seasons? But where do you fit
In eternity?

A Spark from Stone
A spark struck from stone—
Marvellous portent; perhaps
There is hope for man.

On Hate:
A weed is but a flower
That's been misunderstood,
And hate is but a power
That lost its way to good.

DÜRER'S "FOLDED HANDS"

"When Albrecht Dürer was a poor struggling artist, a friend of his, who also aspired to be an artist, made an agreement with him that he would do manual labor to earn their living while Durer studied and painted. Later, it was planned, he should have his turn to paint. But when success came to Durer, his friend's hands had become so twisted and still that he could no longer paint. One day, seeing his friend's work-worn hands in prayer, Durer thought, "I can never give back the lost skill of those hands, but I can show my feeling of love and gratitude by painting his hands as they are now, folded in prayer, to show my appreciation of a noble and unselfish character."

MY RELIGION

Harry Halsey Starrett

I sometimes think we think too much about religion and not enough about spirituality. After all, what is religion? It is just a means to an end and that end is a re-uniting with God, whence we came. When we reach our goal, religion has served its purpose and we no longer need it. When we reach that exalted estate, when we can say with the Master "I and my Father are one," we realize that man is greater than religion, greater than the church, greater than the Bible. For then we come face-to-face with the truth that man is the crowning glory of His magnificent handiwork.

I know that all power in the universe is centered within me, waiting and ever ready to call upon it, to put to use in carrying out my plans to which I have consecrated my life and my all—the enlightenment and spiritual advancement of the whole human race, ever mindful that all life being one, we cannot help one without helping all and we cannot help one another without helping ourselves, for that seems to me to be the Divine Law.

I am very happy in the path I have chosen, so it cannot be too wrong. I try to be ever mindful of my own divinity and therefore, when in need of help, I always turn inward for direction and with perfect, childlike faith. It never fails me. Then, too, I realize that with talent, privilege, or any other divine gift, goes responsibility; and that whatever I have been endowed with by the grace of God, I owe to ALL. To hoard is to block the channel between God and myself, and prevent the free flow of God's help through me out into the world—and I, as I am lifted up, will lift others up with me. That seems to be my mission here on earth and that is the best way I can glorify God.

(From Vol. XII, No. 2, p. 2)

THE ART OF THINKING

W. J. Thompson

A well known writer visiting California was asked by reporters, "Where were you born, sir?" He replied, "I was born in a State of Ignorance!" Quick as a flash the reporter inquired, "And how long did you live there?"

There is more than humor in such statements. We all begin to leave "a State of Ignorance" when we utilize the art of thinking.

And this calls for definite and consistent effort. Calvin Coolidge declared, "All growth depends upon activity. There is no development physically or intellectually without effort, and effort means work."

We all realize the importance of our mental attitude toward others. We also need to consider the tremendous influence of our mental attitude toward ourselves—especially in the art of thinking. Egotism and false pride can definitely hinder our progress. There must be a sense of humility so that we are ready and willing to learn. On the other hand, to succeed in the art of thinking there must be a reasonable confidence in our God-given powers. Some people imagine that humility and confidence are contradictory qualities in life. They are mistaken. Humility and confidence are *both needed* in the art of thinking. One tells us: "Nothing is lost upon a man who is bent upon growth; nothing wasted in one who is always preparing for his work and his life by keeping eyes and mind and heart open to Nature and men and books and experience. Such a man finds that everything cooperates with his passion for growth and what he learns serves him at unexpected moments in unforeseen ways."

The art of thinking leads on from the acquisition of knowledge to the possession of wisdom. Dr. Peabody knew the source

of true wisdom when he wrote: "Again and again I have seen ordinary minds under spiritual influence rising almost to the level of genius—passing beyond mere knowledge to the treasures of wisdom."

"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom; a good understanding h ave all they that do his commandments."

(From Vol. VI, No. 3, p. 11)

WAITING GIFT

Emily Sargent Councilman

The Lonely One dropped the dead bird into the dust from the hand that had held it too tightly.

Weeping, she called out to the Traveler who was climbing the mountain path above her, "Help me! Help! My bird is dead. Help me!"

And the Traveler, with sorrow for the Lonely One and for the bird, stopped his climbing to listen and to ask, "How can I help?"

Seeing the strength of the Traveler's body and the light on his face, the Lonely One let her store of sadness come rushing in words, "If only you could make my bird to live again, or...if you would give me another bird. It was all I had left. And it was mine. I found it only yesterday. Now it's gone like all the others, and I'm alone again."

The Traveler, for love of the Lonely One and the bird, spoke then, and his voice was the sound of falling rain. "I know. It is hard for one to bear loss. If one can learn to use it...."

But the Lonely One wept the more. "The bird is dead, from my hand....I did not mean."

"To hurt the bird?"

"I only meant to warm it... to feel the warmth in my cold hand. I did not mean...."

"To kill the bird?"

"No. I only meant to quiet its fluttering, its fright within my hand. I wanted to keep it safe, to keep it with me always."

"I know."

"Why did it have to die like all the others and leave me alone?"

"You do not know?"

"How can I? I only know the bird is dead, and my hand is closed now on emptiness. Can't you help me? Give me another bird?"

The answer of the Traveler came like the quietness of water in a still pool, but the Lonely One almost heard. "Perhaps if you open your closed hand, the hand that held the bird too tightly, perhaps if you look at the emptiness...."

"But I can't! You don't understand. The bird was all I had, and it's gone. Why won't you give me another bird?"

The Traveler spoke softly. "I can only give you what I have to give, and that only when you want it."

"Oh, but I do want—" the Lonely One began, lifting her clouded eyes to the brightness on the mountain path above her. "What...what do you have to give me? Is it better than a bird?"

"It is better. I can give you my hope—hope that, when you are ready, you will open your closed hand, open it, not to take another bird for holding too tightly, but in order to look at the emptiness and learn what the open hand holds."

". . . What the open hand holds," the Lonely One repeated, scarcely noticing that the Traveler was already climbing on higher up the mountain.

Looking down at her closed hand wet with fallen tears, and beginning to believe, she whispered to her loneliness: "Will I ever dare to open it? To look at the emptiness? Begin to learn what the open hand holds?"

ACHAN CAUSES TROUBLE

Carl A. Evans

As related in Joshua, Chapters 6, 7, and 8, the City of Jericho falls with miraculous ease to the children of Israel, who achieve success by complete obedience to God's command. When they come to Ai, however, they suffer a shameful defeat and some of them are killed. Something must have gone wrong with them. An investigation leads to the indictment of Achan, who has in disobedience to God's command stolen some treasures in Jericho and hidden them away. So the children of Israel must rid themselves of Achan before they are good enough to conquer Ai. The teaching of this story concerns not only the Israelites of remote antiquity, but also each and every one of the several great religions and numerous little sects of our own times.

Our times are those of technological acceleration. But they are also those of educational jitters and psychological disturbances. If we may size up our present world's problems in this manner, it would appear that the solution must rest squarely on the shoulders of religion, not on any *one* of the approximately 2,000 different sects in the world, but upon *all* of them. Yet, our religious bodies are just dawdling along, too weak, too unsteady, to bring mankind to the God-ordained destination of peace and order, of mutual love and respect.

Why such weakness, such unsteadiness, afflicting a religious body? Some would say there is too much worldly greed. Some say too much human desire. Some call it lust for power. Some call it the ego. Some call it selfishness. Some say sin. For the lack of a better term which might cover a wide range, let us call it "Achan" – Achan that makes Israel weak. There is Achan in every religion. There is Achan in every one of us at times.

Let the word Achan stand not only for the various evils mentioned above, but also for such typically religious sins as pride, arrogance, hypocracy, bigotry, and intolerance. Since humility is the basis of true living, and therefore piety, every "holier than thou" feeling is impiety and irreligion. Since the commandment is that one should love his neighbor as himself, every intolerant act, every exclusive attitude, is unbrotherly and therefore disobedience to God. There is, after all, not a long distance that separates the religionist who deliberately disobeys God and the fool who says "There is no God." Achan disobeys and thinks he can get away with disobedience. He cannot! He denies himself the chance of reaching the Promised Land. He delays others in their progress towards it.

We have indeed many churches, synagogues, temples, and monasteries. But, make no mistake about it: religion is facing irreligion, God against the devil, truth against falsehood, honesty against corruption, mercy against ruthlessness, justice against despotism, Israel confronted with Achan. We might as well recognize the situation and act accordingly. *Where do we stand?* On whose side are we? "If the Lord be God, follow Him; but if Baal, then follow him." Yes, we choose God! But it is not going to be easy for we must beware of Achan and chase it out of our hearts. Only then will there be no question about the forward march to reach the goal. And the goal is the same for the Christian religion as for the non-Christian religions. When we think of truth, honesty, justice, and mercy, we think of our own religion. We can see these same attributes in the religion of our neighbor in our own city or in Shanghai or Ceylon or Mecca.

To rid ourselves of Achan is no easy task. Of all housecleanings in the world the hardest is religious housecleaning. It can be done only by the concerted action on the part of *all* religions. This requires both lateral and vertical efforts – vertically to reach up to God for His guidance; laterally to clasp hands across the barriers of sectarian distinctions, separations, and exclusions. We may put many embellishments upon our worship, or we may sit in silence until the spirit inspires utterance, but we worship the same God with the same attributes. There is no quarrel over the basic tenets of truth, honesty, justice, and mercy. If we can recognize these elements in the religion of others, we have come a long way in recognizing a basic fellowship in religion. Since all faiths recognize prayer as a means of spiritual power and grace, we have come to feel it practical to establish a Fellowship in Prayer as the initial step in the simultaneously vertical and lateral efforts to rid religion of Achan and to realize in us and among us real religion. Make no mistake about it: the vertical and the lateral efforts are inseparable one from the other. The concept of the Fatherhood of God and the concept of the brotherhood among men are inseparable one from the other. To impair one is to deny the other.

In these modern times of busy life with jitters and distractions, it is, of course, not easy for all of us to cultivate the prayer habit. We still control at least some of our time and should be able to adjust it for devotional purposes. If we really want it, we should be able to find a way. There are innumerable books and pamphlets written for daily meditation, and no extraordinary ingenuity is needed to find a bookshop or to write to a religious publication. The daily devotion need not take more than a few

minutes and the accompanying prayer may be extended to meet every need. At least once a day a little time before a meal should be allowed each member of the family for individual devotion – gratitude for food is a privilege as well as an obligation on the part of every believer in God. When we get into the car in the morning we should ask God to put a hand on the wheel with us, and we should pray that we may be considerate of others on the road. If we are to attend a meeting we should say a prayer asking God to temper our thoughts and desires. When we attend religious services, we should take a minute or two to ask God's blessing upon the meeting, and we should be attentive to all that goes on.

Once the habit of praying is established, the resulting transformations of the character of individuals and families may be truly miraculous. We suggest also a prayer circle including people of different faiths. It will be a wonderful experience to realize that, though we remain loyal to our separate religious affiliations, we are united in our love of God and of one another.

Boldly and with positive assurance we state that prayer is the answer to all our troubles – all our Achans. But we must pray with complete sincerity and devotion; otherwise it may become blasphemy and insult to Almighty God. "God is a Spirit and they who worship Him must worship Him in spirit and truth." Prayer is the most sacred and profound act of devotion which the believer may experience. This applies to every faith in the world, and when we find a common prayer uttered by all faiths we shall have found a unity of surpassing power – all through the Spirit of God.

We have already a glimpse of the surpassing power of love and what it means in religion. The term "vicarious sacrifice" found its way into religion through the crucifixion of the Founder of Christianity – Jesus Christ. It is written in the New Testament, "He gave His life a ransom for many." "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend." An outstanding example in these latter years has been the four chaplains who, in the North Atlantic, during World War II, gave their life-saving belts to others and, arm in arm, went down to their death with the ship. We do not know that those ransomed were friends of the four chaplains. But their deed is all the more sacred for they died for the love of God whom they knew and whom they served. The love of God and the love of neighbor are, after all, inseparable. No one is asked to die, but to live in a way with the love that characterized Jesus, and the love that characterized the four chaplains of three different faiths – what a contrast to Achan. It is only such love, such religion, that can lead mankind to the promised land of milk and honey, of peace and harmony.

(From Vol. XI, No. 6, p. 19)

PRAYER FOR A STORMY NIGHT

Catherine Cabeen Houck

Lord, bless the broken things this night:
The little birds with crippled wings,
The shy and wounded woodland things,
The aching hearts and helpless hands,
Homes, faith and creeds of all the lands—
Bless them, O Lord, and set them right.

LOVE AT DAWNING

Alice Richmond

Gratitude is the pink soft stretching palm of an awakening baby, cuddling his beloved rag doll to share in its crooked warm smile that comforts his crying—when he stirs alone in his crib at the break of day, while the sleeping family rests in the so-far-away quietness of the big house.

EVENTIDE FAITH

Gratitude, is the reaching clasping firm hand of your husband as he gives you a blessed book to read when you both sit in the embracing shelter of your friendly sitting-room at dusk. Then he asks you to read him your favorite psalm from the Lord's good book. This calms to stem petulant thoughts of your neighbor-next-door whose crushing words nearly swamped you with her scorned disapproval: your criticizing her only son who had cut a treasured bouquet of your loveliest roses (which shattered your dream to win a prize at The Rose Show).

LIBERTY HAS NO NEW WAY OF DYING

William Walter DeBolt

Liberty
has no new way
of dying . . .

Not like a devotee
casting himself
into a sacred river.

Not as an aged king
at last a welcome fire
among cold nobles.

Not after the fashion of a nation
thrown into the empty granary
of captivity–

Only the giant foundling
the adult of the Hercules ages,
deserted in vales of midnight.

Liberty
has no new way
of dying.

INFINITY *Zelma S. Dennis*

Time is a prisoner held in strange bonds.
The atom's cell engulfing a universe,
Blueprints of an eon
Before the dawn of man.
A sleeping giant
Within the crystal teardrop
Of mortal grief and joy.
Time is an essence,
Green pulse of an April rose.
A silver ray,
The uncounted flight of years
From a distant new-born star.
Time is a seed, planted now
Harvested by the Future's hand,
Gathering man to hold him
In the sweeping magnitude
Of God's infinite Time-less Love.

PEN, SWORD, AND PRAYER *Aarno Davidson*

"The pen is mightier than swords," we hear
people earnestly say.
But others surmise it is a sheer
hollow, hackneyed cliche:

Picture two Herculean, athletic gentlemen
or matinee idols fencing with fountain pen.
A famed magician displays his magic float
by thrusting ball-point pen down his throat.
kabuki dancers portraying Mars-masked lords
sway inky pens in place of shimmering swords.
A Frenchman fighting duel, for mademoiselle
or honor, with pen instead of blade or shell.

In war, in peace depend neither on pen
nor sword, the oracles say.
Just use a razor-edged tongue, with ken,
to praise, to pray and pray!

CHANGE AND GROWTH

Mildred Long

A crescent moon, a rose half-blown
Set the heart to dreaming.

Winter's drab, a man half-grown—
Look beyond the seeming.

Melting snow and budding flowers
After March winds blowing.

Stormy days and midnight hours—
The soul begins its growing.

Daylight changing into dark,
Moon expanding, waning.

But Spirit-life—undying spark,
Glory ever gaining.

THE STRENGTH TO RISE

Mildred Seydell

Sometimes a wave of hate surges over me when I have tried to do a big job well and have failed. This hate comes over me when I have played fair and square and have been misjudged, misunderstood. It fills my very soul when I have found a friend is false and that promises are easily shattered. I hate the turbulence—the ups and downs—the ever-shifting fate.

Once when this hate was on me I was on the deck of a ship, gazing at the sea. I saw the rise and fall of its breast. The motion of it was like the emotion in me. Then came the thought: little lakes and insignificant ponds are placid—no ups and downs for them! But the mighty sea is not placid; the sea, with its power and majesty, reaches for the skies, only to fall back again.

I grew ashamed of my hate. I did not long for ease. I felt a certain glory and pride in the fact that God had seen fit to give me sorrow and defeat along with happiness and success—for some of the ocean's strength, that strength that makes it rise against each fall, came over me.

WHOLE WORLDS ARE to be found within us; deep down within us lie the secret of evil and the secret of godliness, the depths of Satan, and the depths of Divinity revealed through the spirit...Everything outward is and must be to us a mirror of what is to be found within.

— Gerhard Tersteegen (1697-1769)
German mystic

MAN AND SERPENT

Drawing by Oskar Kokoschka

CHRISTMAS MEMORIES

Fern Coble Trull

Chen Chu sat by the window of her warm apartment watch- the falling snow turn Boise, Idaho's Chinatown into a fairy land. This was the American Christmas Eve, but no one hurried along these streets in search of last-minute Christmas presents or shouted "Merry Christmas." It was just another day in the Chinese year of the Dog.*

Years ago when she was a child in Port Towsend she used to go to the Christmas parties at the Methodist Church with her school friends Mary and Bertha. Here she heard the story of the bright star which led the wise men to the Christ child.

After one of those Christmas parties, she and her playmate Louie had stopped on the way home and searched the sky for that bright star but all the stars looked equally bright.

* 1910 by Western calendar.

Her elder brother was home then, and she had told him all about the wonderful Christ child and asked why China did not have him too. He had listened patiently, and then said:

"Every people have a beautiful story about their god or gods. So have the Chinese." Then he told her about the beautiful *Kuan Yin*, Goddess of Mercy. That had satisfied her.

The house was silent. Her husband Fong Bow, Master of the Idaho Chinese Masonic Lodge, was visiting the Masonic temples throughout Idaho. She wished he were home.

A rush of cold air hit her as a door opened. Turning, she saw Fong Bow in the doorway. He carried a well-wrapped bundle in his hand.

Chin Chu rose and bowed.

"Welcome home, husband. I have missed you."

He crossed toward her, still carrying the package, and stood

looking at her for a moment.

"You are well?"

"Very well. You must be hungry. I will ring for rice and tea." Chin Chu started to pull the bell cord.

"No, I ate on the train. Still, I will take some hot tea. It is never made Chinese style in the diner." Then he added, "Your honorable elder brother sends you greetings. He is well satisfied with you."

"And you—are you well-satisfied?" Chin Chu asked shyly.

"If I were an American I could tell you how very much, but Chinese tradition ties my tongue," Fong Bow answered.

Only then did he seem to discover that he had a package in his hand. He began to unwrap it. Amazed, Chin Chu saw a tiny fur tree beautifully decorated. The smell of fir filled the room.

"Oh, Fong Bow. A Christmas tree," she exclaimed joyfully. "I've always wanted one."

Fong Bow placed the little tree on a table. From the bottom of the package he brought forth two mesh bags of Christmas candies. He held them up.

"As a small boy, I was a devout Baptist from October to December 24 so one small heathen Chinee boy would get one of these off the church Christmas tree."

"And I was a Methodist," Chin Chu remarked gleefully.

Each fondled a bag, wrapped up in each other's childhood as they had tried to grasp the good things of two civilizations. Then they sat down to unravel the knitted mesh. Fong Bow opened his first. He took out a piece of hard rock candy, and held it up. He bowed to Chin Chu—"Merry Christmas, Chin Chu"—and popped the candy into his mouth.

"Merry Christmas, Fong Bow," and Chin Chu popped her candy into her mouth.

They sat in silence, holding the sacks of candy, lost in memories.

THE KISS OF LIFE

Mark Halpern

One of the proverbs reminds us that death and life are in the power of the tongue. Control of the tongue has been a most difficult feat for the members of the human species to accomplish. Indeed, it would seem that man can sooner master and restrain his bodily appetites than his speech. Yet there is no gainsaying the fact that much more harm has been caused through the evils of wrong, unbridled speech than from ungoverned senses and appetites.

How many lives have been ruined and blasted by the poisonous tongue of malicious or thoughtless gossip and criticism! No wonder that from the earliest times the greatest sages and spiritual teachers have sought to inculcate in the consciousness of man the prime necessity for control and restraint of speech. Pythagoras even went so far as to impose upon his students a two-year probationary period of complete silence. And the godly Apollonius of Tyana voluntarily subjected himself to five full years of a similar rigorous discipline, never uttering a single word in all that time, in order to achieve perfect mastery over his tongue.

But great as is the power for good or ill of the spoken word, let us not underestimate the potency of soundless thought. Simply because our thoughts are unheard and unperceived by the physical senses, we are apt to forget their power and to feel that they have little or no effect in influencing the lives of others as well as ourselves. Such is far from the truth. It has been repeatedly affirmed by the sages of ancient and modern times that *thoughts are things.*

It is evident that we must first think before we can frame the words of speech. When once we have become convined of this significant truth, then we shall begin to watch over not only what we say, but also what we think. For if we could but control our thoughts, we should have less difficulty in bridling the tongue. Instead of being at the mercy of all vagrant and negative thoughts of discord, it is possible to shut the door of the mind to them, admitting only the constructive thoughts of harmony, love and understanding.

For he who has transcended the mean and unlovely tendencies of the self has thereby become the loving friend and brother of every living thing. Not only is he the friend of every member of the human species, but also of the dumb creatures in the animal kingdom, and even of the plants, flowers, brooks and hills with which nature adorns herself. He finds that the love he pours out to all forms of life returns to him increased a thousandfold. He has discovered the key that unlocks the heart-gates of every living thing in a world where all things live—it is the key of the sympathetic appreciation and loving awareness of the Oneness of all life.

* * *

Among the most zealous followers of a great Spiritual Leader of long ago was a young man called Peter. Tall and straight like a spear, he towered over the others and walked in their midst with the bearing of a young god. None was more steadfast and one-pointed than he. None quicker to start up in defense of the Master. And none more determined to surmount the destructive qualities of the ego so that he might indeed follow in the footsteps of his beloved Teacher.

But the more Peter disciplined himself and sought to overcome his baser propensities, the further he seemed to be from that perfect serenity which he venerated so highly in the Master. He could not understand the discord and the turmoil seething within his breast. Try as he would, he was unable to achieve the peace of which the Great Teacher often spoke.

Finally Peter took his problem to the Master one early dawn, after the Teacher had finished meditating under an olive tree a short distance from the others. The young disciple spoke: "Master, you know it is not my habit to bring my problems to you. I have tried to find the reason for the unrest of my soul but in vain. Help me, Master, that I may find peace and rest."

"You have been a zealous disciple, Peter. I have been aware of your wholehearted effort to tread the narrow path. You have sacrificed much to be numbered among my disciples. But you have never renounced the kiss of death."

"The kiss of death?"

"No less, my disciple. You have not yet purified your thoughts

and feelings and speech of the bitter poison of criticism and condemnation. Until you have transmuted the kiss of death into the Kiss of Life, you will know no peace."

"But—but how, Master? How am I to work this transmutation of which you speak? I don't understand—the Kiss of Life?"

"You will understand, Peter, if you will do what I tell you. When next you are impelled to vent your spleen upon your fellow man, shut your lips and do not open them until you are standing in front of this olive tree. Then let all your poisonous criticism and resentment pour out upon the tree, holding not an iota back. When you have persisted in this for a fortnight, come to me again and tell me what you have observed."

And so it was that each time the young disciple felt critical or resentful of his fellows, he would immediately take himself to the olive tree, and there hurl his abuse upon that silent humble listener of nature's progeny. After going through the procedure many times, Peter began to notice a startling difference in the tree. It was withering and before long it would be dead!

He hurried to the Master and told him what had happened.

The penetrating brilliance of the Master's gaze softened in a smile of compassion, as he spoke to his disciple: "You have seen the dire effect of the kiss of death—which is the poison of criticism and resentful condemnation. Return now to the olive tree and give it the Kiss of Life: pour upon it all the love and compassion of your soul. For only the Kiss of Life can bring back the desire for living embodiment in the spirit of the tree."

Without waiting to hear more, Peter hurried to the olive tree. He began to send out to it all the loving thoughts and feelings and words that had been dormant in the reservoir of his ardent nature.

Almost imperceptibly, the tree began to take on new life. Peter remained near it for hours, constantly pouring out his love, seeking thus to undo the great harm he had inflicted upon it.

But it required far more time to revitalize the olive tree than it

had taken to wither it. Yet he persevered, often going without food and sleep to administer the loving nourishment of the Kiss of Life without which it could not have been healed.

At last the olive tree was fully rejuvenated. It seemed to Peter that the tree looked far more luxuriantly alive with natural vitality than it had appeared before he let loose upon it the venom of his wrath and criticism.

And now Peter became conscious that a strange thing had happened to him in his relations with his fellow men. He could think, feel and speak in no other way but with loving kindness and deep understanding. And he saw nothing but good everywhere—good within himself, good in others, good all about him. For he had transmuted the kiss of death into the Kiss of Life. And thus the love of his heart could henceforth pour out only a benediction to his fellow men, and express the *Salaam Alaikum,* Peace Be With You, of the unknown poet, who sang:

"I pray the prayer the Easterners do,
May the peace of Allah abide with you:
Wherever you stay, wherever you go,
May the beautiful palms of Allah grow;
Through days of labor and nights of rest,
The love of Allah make you blest."

— *From FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER*
(April 1962 - Vol. XIII, No. 2).

P R A Y E R:

O God, our Father, increase in every nation the sense of human brotherhood, true respect for man and for woman, loyalty in service and charity, happiness in work and justice in reward; that our homes may be kept safe and pure, our cities renewed in beauty and order, and all the world may reflect the radiance of Thy throne in heaven. Amen.

(from Vol. VI, No. 5, p. 5)

COURAGE

Alice Mackenzie Swaim

Courage is not the towering oak
That sees storms come and go;
It is the fragile blossom
That opens in the snow.

From JESUS' PETS

The Ass: You Gave Your Heart

Imogen Whyse

Oh, little Ass,
Who in the stable stood
That night at Bethlehem,
You saw the star shine through the door,
You watched the shepherd lads adore,
Observed the Kings, upon their knees,
Give homage, incense, to the wee
King of Kings, the little Lamb
Who lay against His Mother's breast
That night at Bethlehem.

Ah, little Ass,
Carrying your lovesome load,
The Virgin and Her Son, upon the road

From Bethlehem,
God made your back so strong,
Your heart so trusting, unafraid,
Your heels so nimble
And your hearing keen,
That you might bear and guard His Darling Son
upon the road to Egypt.

And did you bring Them back again:
The Holy Three, the growing Boy,
From passion-haunted Egypt?
Did Jesus fondle your soft ears
In Nazareth, when the gathering years
Glazed o'er your sight,
Dulled your keen ears?
Did boyish, tender, comforting hands
Smooth your rough coat when death was near?
It may be that your death was first
He ever witnessed upon earth?

It may be that His Mother told
Him tales of flight, of dark and cold,
Of forests deep and torrents wild
Through which you bore Him as a Child.
Maybe, that's why He learned to love
Especially, as Ass's colt.

Remembering, again He chose
A colt to bear Him when He rode
In triumph through the bursting throng....

Dear little Ass, you did your part,
Gave all you had:
You gave your heart.

LET US TRY IT

William Hung

For half a century man has achieved astonishing advancements in science and technology, in the conquest of time and space, and in the mastery of his material environment. Some of his successes in obtaining prosperity and comfort have reached far beyond the dreams of his forefathers.

He has, however, given comparatively less and less time and attention to the cultivation of his moral and spiritual heritages. Not only is the goal of peace and harmony as far away as ever, but also the lack of such has brought about increasingly larger and larger disasters.

Within this half century two world wars have already been fought; and a third one is now being threatened. Admirable ingenuity of the physical and the social sciences has been applied to the efforts for securing victory and peace. But the fruit of victory is almost as bitter as that of defeat, and the machinery of peace is often so blocked by contending passions and prejudices as to be inoperative.

Since the shortcomings of our purely human efforts are so obvious, is it not time that we should implore God to lead us? Religions may differ in theology, organization, and polity. But they share in the common goal of peace and harmony for the individual believer and for humanity as a whole—and the interdependence of the two has been made daily clearer by the myriad contacts and conflicts that are affecting the world community together.

They share in the same predicament in which, while their adherents hesitate, disagree, or are bewildered, the forces of inundating materialism carry them to greater and greater disasters.

All religious systems, however, lay almost the same stress on the importance of prayer, and prayer, in almost all of them, means almost the same thing—the assurance that the believer's humility and supplication will be met with divine love and guidance. Though we may pray in different places and with different languages, we may rest assured that, since the ultimate source of love and guidance is one and no other, we will not be led into hatred and conflicting errors. Herein must lie the straight and sure path to the goal of peace and harmony. PRAYER, therefore, is worth trying. LET US TRY IT!

(From Vol. 1, No. 7, p. 2)

We welcome this challenging message from the then President of Fellowship in Prayer. Dr. William Hung, well known in religious and educational circles, both in America and the Orient, was graduated from Ohio Wesleyan and later received degrees of D.D. and L.L.D. therefrom. For many years he was Professor of History at Yenching University, Peiping, China, and also Director of Research Institute of Arts and Letters in the Graduate School. Born of Confucian parents, Dr. Hung and his mother turned to Christianity, and he brings to the Fellowship a broad experience in religion. His internment during World War II developed characteristics which stamp him as one highly capable of coping with extreme situations, even of an international character. Fellowship in Prayer is fortunate in having Dr. Hung on its Board. —C. A. E.

WHY PRAY?

Mary Lamoreaux Burnell

Q: If all is now finished and complete, why do we pray and meditate?

This question reveals that the questioner has been told that the world is perfect, that there is a perfect world even as Jesus Christ said, The kingdom of heaven is at hand.

If that is so, if the kingdom in its completeness and perfection is here at hand, then why do we pray, and why do we meditate?

It is due to love that we pray. Prayer is not just asking for something as a child would tease its mother for some bit of candy. The most satisfying thing the child can think of is candy, and so he teases for it.

But rational human beings do not pray with that sort of mind. Prayer is communion; it is association with the thing we love.

Therefore it doesn't matter whether everything is now perfect or imperfect. It matters not whether you discern that this is the perfect world or not; it isn't put to you as a matter of your own discernment. The point you are really concerned with is this: What is the truth about it?

Did Jesus speak truth when He said, "The kingdom of heaven is at hand and is within you," which is to say that this is a perfect world? He of all beings, knew how to speak truth; for He is the truth. He said, "I am the Way, the Life, and the Truth." He knew how to speak truth, and He was announcing the fact of the way the world is.

Now, there is a fact that is true regarding this world now—whatever you may think about it.

We know very well what you are told to think about it when you read the newspapers and listen to the radio and to all the other channels of information about the state of the world. But that matters not.

There is a truth which is the way it is. And if you are fortunate enough to find out that truth, you will be like Jesus Christ, able to demonstrate that truth to the extent of healing, of benefiting, of delivering the people who are still under the conviction of hypnosis of a false world.

It is the love of the message of truth that is contained in the great instructions, that keeps you reading and meditating. What is the reason that you would repeat the Lord's prayer? Why would you re-

peat it with any idea that you would derive benefit or value from it? Would it be a light to your path? Only because you have learned to love the words that are contained in that prayer. You love to say, "Thy kingdom come." You love to think there is a kingdom that could come to this earth that could be called "Thy kingdom"; that could be recognized, that could be named, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

Do you not love to meditate upon such words even if your world seems to be a mass of torture and grievous to the last degree? Would you not love to say the words, "Thy kingdom come on earth as it is in heaven."?

So that is what we mean by recommending prayer and meditation. If you repeat the prayers that have been written down as habitual meditations of the saints, the holy people of the earth, you may learn to love the words, the message of truth that they contain. You will follow out the readings and pronouncements of the words of truth through pure love of them. You could not derive value without love; for love means that you have some comprehension, some understanding of the truth that is within you.

"...THE WINGS OF THE MORNING—"

Velta Myrle Allen

ALL PEOPLE WHO FLY the airlanes must have a guiding, workable faith within them and a constant prayer on their lips. All pioneers in any field feel the Hand of God upon them and their trust in Him gives the strength, the courage and the will to believe that God, not man, is the Pilot in every life.

WHETHER ONE IS AWARE of it or not, an air-flight challenges one's faith and trust in a Power Higher than ourselves. To overcome all fear of disaster requires some thought and a placing of life's values on the altar of trust and prayer, even though we do not want to acknowledge sometimes that we are religious. In the face of momentous danger man often, for the first time, turns to God...and prays. Sometimes it is difficult to find words to express what one feels, but words are much less important than the communication with God through sheer desire in the heart to acknowledge Him.

Albert Schweitzer

1875-1965

I WILL NEVER SEE HIS GRAVE

Marion Mill Preminger
Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur

I will never see his grave. We had agreed upon this during one of our endless talks. I have always kept my promises and I shall keep this one too, even more firmly now that he is no longer among the living. "Don't you come back to Lambaréné after I am gone," he told me then. "What is of real significance in me will always stay with you. Please do not mourn and do not wear black!" And, with one of his expressive gestures, he added: "Well . . . you know what I think of all this and other external manifestations. Promise me right now that you will not be concerned about a monument. I already know that some people will not leave you in peace and will insist on it. I want to lie forever under this palm tree," and he pointed to a palm tree growing opposite his living quarters.

* *

I am the only living person, with the exception of his two oldest co-workers, who had spent all his birthdays with him, from his seventy-fifth to his ninetieth. About a month before his death I received the longest, friendliest and warmest letter he ever wrote to me, full of

gratitude for all I did for the leper colony, for the hospital and for him. The letter ended with these words: "I know, nobody keeps my birthdays as religiously as you do. Come earlier this year and stay longer, so that we have ample time to philosophize. I promise you this will be a much quieter birthday than the ninetieth was." He kept his promise—as he always did. The ninety-first birthday will be much quieter for me than any of his other birthdays.

And then came the week of anguish when the radio broadcasted daily bulletins: The *Grand Docteur* has collapsed from overfatigue . . . there might be some hope . . . he is in a coma . . . he has passed away, quietly, in peace and in dignity.

A long distance call came from Paris. After slamming the telephone down, I stood before his bust, shivering in the summer heat. I looked out of the window on Park Avenue. The sky was blue like the African sky over Lambaréné he had loved so much and we had gazed at so often together. I stood there, dry-eyed, swallowing hard—I don't know how long, maybe for hours . . . I wished I could have cried, or shouted, or done something, but I just stood there silently.

Tears sprang only when I received a telephone call from my old window cleaner. "You don't remember me, m'child, Dr. Preminger," he said, "I am your old, old window cleaner. I remember when I cleaned the windows in your small apartment years ago I always looked in at the bust of Dr. Schweitzer, while standing outside your window, and I polished and polished the glass until I could see clearly the face of the Old Doctor. I loved him so much!" Suddenly I began to sob: *"Oh, Grand Docteur, Grand Docteur!"* and the old window cleaner cried: "Oh, m'child, what a great loss for all the poor people in the world, what a great loss for such a poor old man as me. I never go out without the little book of his life story you gave me ten years ago."

This old weeping window cleaner, who always carried a small worn book in his pocket, was a symbol of Dr. Albert Schweitzer's entire life. I could not imagine that during his lifetime, which ran four months short of ninety-one years, there could have been one single person, old

or young, rich or poor, who would not have loved him. In his living and loving he was as innocent and pure-hearted as a child or a saint.

I cried when the newspapers showed the picture of the simple wooden box, the coffin of every patient who dies at the hospital. I cried when I saw them carry the white wooden cross he had made himself. I cried when I heard that my adopted leper children from the leper village—where he had named the main square "Place de la Mere Marion"—sang in Galoa dialect *"Loanni inani kende kende"* ("May you rest in peace"). I cried when I read that our greatest humanitarian was buried in the red African soil like the poorest native from the jungle, in accordance with his own wishes. I cried when I learned that they sang his favorite psalm *"Reste avec nous Seigneur, reste avec nous."* The second verse they sang in German: *"Ach bleib mit Deiner Gnade"* ("Rest with your grace").

I cried when I heard that President Leon M'Ba of the Republic of Gabon, where the Doctor had spent the last fifty-two years of his life, claimed him as the oldest and most famous Gabonese: "The venerable and venerated citizen of the world has passed away. The African soil accepts him as the most precious gift it has ever received. *Grand Docteur,* now you will be ours forever."

At dawn the bell, presented to him on his eightieth birthday, started to toll. "I love the sound of this bell," he often said, and how often he called my attention to the little grey birds which flew around it, singing the most complicated Bach embellishments, because they never heard any other music. He loved the nests of the birds in the trees. He loved the trees in the jungle.

The rainy season is just beginning in Lambaréné. When the wind dies down the trees in the jungle are silent. They have a bitter smell. He loved this bitter smell.

I didn't dare to open the drawers where I kept more than three hundred of his letters. I didn't dare to look into these papers and all my other priceless Lambaréné mementoes. I kept all his letters, the briefest

messages he wrote to me, every scrap of the notes he made when he re-edited his book about Johann Sebastian Bach, some beautifully smooth pebbles he picked up from the banks of the Ogowe River in the *saison seche,* when you could walk into the middle of the river without getting wet. "It looks like the second day of the Creation. The sky goes into the river, the river into the jungle. What a romantic place. It would be so natural if an ichtyosaurus, or some other pre-historical animal, would appear on the horizon. What a strange thing that we human beings are here," he told me once.

* *

I didn't dare to look at the many photographs taken by hundreds of tourists during the last fifteen years, mostly on a bench near the Moslem cemetary he gave to the Housa tribe. Every year I had engraved the date of his birthday on this bench. This year there was very little space left on it. He remarked pensively: "There is no more place for another birthday." Half a dozen people, guests and staff, assured in unison that there were ten more places. He did not smile. "I made this bench, *mon Grand Docteur,*" I said "and there is enough space on it for you to be a hundred! Do you want to bet again?" I asked. "No more betting for me," he replied, "because I don't want you to lose." This was the last time we sat together on the wooden bench known in whole Gabon. I will never see it again . . .

We had made the first bet on his eightieth birthday. He told me then that he didn't expect to live much longer. I answered I was sure we would be around on his ninetieth birthday. He said it was a bet. That evening I placed, as I had done it every year, the number of his birthday before his dinner plate and said: "I'll take with me only the number eight, so that I will have to buy one number only, the number nine for your ninetieth birthday—and the zero we'll use again in ten years." Everybody at the table laughed and the Doctor said gayly: "You certainly caught the Schweitzer spirit of thrift!" And he repeated then the words I will treasure till the end of my life: "Nobody knows me better than you do."

On January 14th of this year—his ninetieth birthday—he recalled

our bet and asked me how it was to be paid. The only thing I wanted was the thirty-two year old pair of shoes I had always seen him wear. At first they had been used to play the organ; later on they were worn on the hospital compound, and still later in the muddy earth when we built the new leper village. He gave me the shoes, and also the black pastor's tie he had worn only for funerals.

* *

In 1952, after he had been awarded the Nobel Peace Prize, Dr. Schweitzer decided to build a permanent village for the lepers, who had lived until then in a cluster of thatch-roofed huts. Standing like a giant palm tree among all other palms, he fought the white ants which destroyed his hospital, he fought famine, he fought epidemics—but neither starvation nor disease could weaken his iron will. He went on working, building the leper village, maternity wards, a mental asylum, until the hospital can now take care of five hundred and fifty patients, two hundred lepers, and the innumerable ambulatory cases that flock in daily for treatment.

His hospital, as poor as it is, is a living monument to his principle of reverence for life. He fed, housed, clothed, nursed and medicated all its patients, and human kindness was one of his most potent medicines. True, it had no running water and no electricity, yet it was a beacon of light to all other hospitals.

The miraculous thing about this hospital and the *Grand Docteur* was not what he was doing in Africa but what others did because of him all over the world. He made millions of people discover their own heart. They followed his teachings—reverence for life for everything living, for everything breathing.

In his body he had a handful of flesh with the image of God—his heart. He could not see people suffer. In this century, when cruelty and war are a natural state of affairs, this last Universal Sage was teaching in the jungle the fundamentals of his religion of love: Reverence for Life.

He was not only great because he was a great scientist, a great philosopher, a great historian, a great musician, a great doctor, a great humanitarian, a great teacher—he was great because he himself was a lesson in humble service to humanity. He said to his disciples: "Truth has no special time of its own—its time is now, always." Such teachings had no introspective frontiers and that is why he had so many followers, more and more day after day, as there are a million blades of grass to one oak tree. He was a one man Peace Corps, long before anybody had dreamed about it, when he said in 1910: "I want to do good—and not preach it." He was the twentieth century greatest philanthropist because he gave himself.

I always thought when looking at him: "What a wonderful contradiction. The greatest philanthropist of this century is a poor man. He lives in a simple wooden house and his 'new' shoes are eighteen years old!" I marveled that he did not know he was a philanthropist, for I am sure that saints do not know they are saints in their life time, and a giant palm tree does not know how high it towers above the other trees. He was an ordained minister, but he became a manual laborer and remained one almost to his last days. He worked silently, day and night, winter and summer, in the most torrid heat, and always for others. This was the proof that he had not only coined the term "Reverence for Life" but that he lived it—and it was hard to live it in this century and in the African jungle.

He was one of the greatest thinkers of the contemporary world. With him thought and action were one, and that is the most one can say about a thinker. He combined force with balance, originality and breadth. His doors were never closed, everybody was allowed to enter. He was an epitome of tolerance and a tower of patience.

I shall keep my promise. I will never see his grave under his favorite palm tree. I know that I shall not think more or less of him than I did at any other time, since I have been thinking of him all through my adult life, whether I saw him or not, whether I heard him or not. Wherever I was, near him or far away, I believed in him with all my awareness and

When I think of the space, the universe, the new technical inventions, I want to cry because I can no longer share my thoughts with him. Every year I had cut clippings from magazines and newspapers, which I brought with me to Lambaréné: a beautiful new bridge, an unusually good looking baby, a deer somewhere in a forest. He loved animals with an intense passion, and he hated pain. At rare times, when I saw him upset and sad it was because of sick people in pain who could not be helped. He was unable to understand how healthy people could live without helping others and without reverence for life. "Ethics is nothing else but reverence for life, he said. "When will people understand that?"

I will always feel the brotherly love that was so deeply rooted in his heart. I will always feel that the old dying leper woman, whose hands he held all night long, was really I and all the people in the world, the baby he picked up was all the babies in the world, and the ants he protected were really all the animals in the world. I will feel his presence wherever I am when something new will happen in the world, the solar system, the universe, anything connected with the life he loved so much. I will see his majestic head, his face lighted with a smile, and feel the heart behind the brain that wanted to sacrifice all for the sake of mankind. I will never stop loving him for the miraculous bond he created between people. All this because I feel more than ever since his death that knowledge belongs to everybody, that love is the only patrimony of humanity, and kindness the only torch which lightens the world.

"In all our lives comes a time when our inner light goes out and could be put to flame again by the encounter with another human being." For millions of lonesome and forlorn people Dr. Albert Schweitzer was such a human being.

He left this legacy:

"Because I have confidence in the power of truth and of the spirit, I believe in the future of mankind."

I always remember his words and his teachings. I know the titles of all his books in all their translations. I know all his anniversaries, his wedding day, his mother's birthday, the dates of his honors. He didn't remember when he became an ordained minister, but I knew it was on the 23rd of September 1900. I knew the most important day of his life—January 14, 1905—when he foresook worldly ambitions for the pursuit of his spiritual ideals. I was the one who remembered every year the Friday before Easter, since that was the day in 1913 when he, one of the most revered men in Europe, went as an unknown missionary doctor to a little known continent: Africa.

All the occurrences of life filled him with joy: the fact that he was born, that he had a happy childhood and learned easily, that his ears had been created for music. He got a great amount of pleasure when a breeze came and he was able to breathe some fresh air. He was able to rejoice when he felt the rain and saw a rainbow after a storm. The glorious magnificence above him and around him enchanted him always. He loved God and all his creations. He was a Man of God.

In later years, when sitting with him in the sizzling equatorial heat, one didn't feel that he had the harmonies of Bach in his ears, or the poems of Goethe on his lips, or the philosophy of Kant in his brain—only the Mercy of Christ that was in his heart.

* *

Only now do I begin to understand why he said I should not return to Lambaréné after his death, for I know that what was significant in him, his being with all its vitality, will remain omnipresent in me. I know now that in his death he will become more demanding than when he was alive. I feel that he will not make mourning easy for me. He is dead—but he refuses to become a memory. He forbids monuments. He insists on staying alive in the stream of events. "Man belongs to Man. Men have rights on Men—more, Men have claims on Men." He will always exist, because he refuses to turn to dust in a graveyard.

WHAT CHRISTMAS MEANS TO ME

Toshiko Higashi

Christmas has always meant joy to me. At one Christmas it meant the childish joy of receiving the most fascinating present from Santa Claus who could come in through the chimney and not spoil presents with soot. At another Christmas it meant the lifely joy of giving myself up to merry-making. And at another Christmas it meant the serene joy of first seeing the real Christmas service in church. But it was not until the Christmas of a few years ago that I came to know that Christmas means joy even to people who are deep in sorrow, and that therefore its meaning is greater than anything else.

Yes, that Christmas is still vivid in my mind. It was a rare bright winter day. I went to the window, opened it, and in the streaming sunshine of early morn I opened a Christmas parcel containing a present from one of my dearest friends. Finding the loveliest doll in it, I screamed with joy, but the next moment what was I given but a telegram telling of the sudden death of the same friend; and her doll was smiling in my arms!

It was cruel. In tears I thought of her, and in thinking of her I shed tears. The whole idea of Christmas was nowhere in me for awhile, but gradually among the whirling memories of her in my mind, one thing stood clearer than anything else—that she was a Christian, and once she had asked me to become a Christian. Then I was reminded that it was Christmas day, the merriest day of all the days, and the thought soothed me.

Jesus was born on this day. His birth means joy to all. It is the joy which is superior to other joy. It is the joy which has the background of the endless suffering of Jesus Christ, which succeeded to his birth. It is the joy which is not exclusive of any sorrow and agony,

but it is a joy which can make itself greater and nobler by embracing all of them. Different from other uproarious joy, it does not hurt the one who is in sorrow. It can creep tenderly into the bleeding heart and heal it. Because Jesus was born on this day I felt I had the greatest sympathizer near me. Because Jesus had suffered most of all, because he experienced "exceeding sorrow, even unto death," I felt I must not yield to sorrow, I must be strong. The thought encouraged me; I raised my head and sunshine danced in my eyes. Something in me shouted, "If sorrow and agony must come to me, let them come on Christmas Day! I can bear them and overcome them!"

This same idea of Christmas, a personal idea gotten from personal experience, has become my firm conviction as the days go by. I believe that though there may be thousands of meanings about Christmas, one of the most significant must be this meaning of it. Oh, it is a wonderful thing, this joy to the unhappy as well as to the happy. It means, at the same time, the joy to the rich and the poor, to the strong and the weak, to the healthy and the ill, to the triumphant and the defeated. It is the joy to all and everyone. Here lies the universal meaning of Christmas. As far as Christmas is concerned there is no difference of classes, of nations, of races, and of colors. Strife between nation and nation may be endless, problems between the rich and the poor may never be solved. But what of these, when the Christmas bells are ringing all through the world, singing peace and goodwill? All become brothers and sisters, all become one, though it may be only for one day, one hour, or even one moment.

Sing we then, sing we joyously. We, not I, but you and I, we, all our fellow human beings together. Let us sing the joy of Christmas.

NOTICES and COMMENTS

NEW ADVISOR FOR FOREIGN ZONE. Hsuan-min Liu, of Hong Kong, has graciously accepted the invitation of President Emeritus William Hung and Executive Secretary Kathryn G. Brown to serve as one of the Fellowship's advisors in the foreign zone.

Mr. Liu took his B. A. and M. A. at Yenching University, in Peking. Since the war, he has been a lecturer at Northcote College of Education and, for eighteen years, a trainer of teachers. After a term as Principal of Yuen Long Public Middle School, he became assistant registrat of Chinese University in Hong Kong, where he is now executive secretary of the graduate school. A member of the Chinese Methodist Church, Mr. Liu has also been a director of Pui Ying Middle School, Wa Ying Middle School, and Methodist College.

"I consider it a great honor to accept the kind invitation extended to me...to be a Fellowship advisor in Hong Kong," Mr. Liu wrote, and we are sure he will be of great help in spreading the message of the Fellowship in his part of the world.

CONTRIBUTING EDITOR DEAD. The Reverend Roy Wallace Thomas died in Denver, Colorado, on September 14. Born in Iowa, a graduate of Simpson College and Boston University, he was ordained in the Methodist Church. He served congregations in New England, Iowa, and Colorado, uniting in 1930 with the ministry of the United Church of Christ Congregation. Reverend Thomas was a prolific author of columns, articles, and books ("We Pray Thee, Lord," Studies in Positive and Creative Prayer), and remained for many years a spiritual and literary mainstay of our pages. He became a member of the Fellowship in 1951 and also one of its most valuable contributing editors. His devotion to what he called "the priceless values" and his writings about them will be missed by everyone in the Fellowship. We extend our deepest sympathies to Mrs. Thomas.

NEW ADDITION FOR EVERYONE'S LIBRARY. Recommended by Advisor Mildred Seydell is *Prayers from the City* (published by Baker Book House, Grand Rapids, Michigan; $3.95) by Andrew W. Blackwood, Jr. Reverend Blackwood composed these prayers for delivery from the pulpit of a big modern city (he is pastor of Covenant Presbyterian Church in Atlanta, Georgia), and they are both up-to-date and timeless, and also handsomely printed: worth the attention of all our readers.

PATRONS OF THE FELLOWSHIP. As part of our twentieth anniversary expansion, the Fellowship is proud to announce the following list of Patrons who, because of their wholehearted belief in prayer and in the efforts of the Fellowship to extend that belief around the world, have graciously consented to support our work. They are: Mrs. Charles Babcock, President of the Harold Institute, Winston-Salem, N. C.; Dr. Amiya Chakravarty, head of the Department of Religion and Philosophy, New York State University, New Paltz, N. Y.; Rabbi Edward E. Klein, of Stephen Wise Free Synagogue, New York City; Mr. James C. Penney, Honorable Chairman of the J. C. Penney Company, New York City; Mrs. Dorothy Perera, of New York City; Mrs. Mary Roebling, President of the Trenton Trust Company, Trenton, N. J.; and the Reverend Dr. Ralph Sockman, minister emeritus of Christ Church, New York City; Andrew Miller, Brigadier of the Salvation Army, New York City; and Dr. John Myers, Chairman of the American Flange Corporation, New York.

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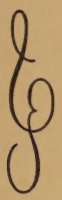

The main view of prayer may be stated simply: to "ask" of God is not to call him to our side, but to ally ourselves fully with him. To do this converts both the individual and society. This, I believe, was the prayer practice of Jesus. To make prayer work is to *let* God, who is greater, better, and wiser than we are, work *in* and *through* us.

This view of prayer, simple as it is, is revolutionary in that it would re-write the prayers of Christendom by removing the cliches of oblique praying from current prayer practice, and call the world to the positive and creative praying that would renew, heal, and enrich all mankind.

— *Roy Wallace Thomas*

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